Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it ſenſe that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of fleſh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fiſh, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other ſeruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the law of our ſides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I paſſe by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs ſir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. Is the law of our ſide if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No ſir, I do not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Greg. Do you quarell ſir?

Abra. Quarell ſir, no ſir.

Sā. But if you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maiſters kinſmen.

Sam. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy waſhing blowe. *They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your ſwords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among theſe hartleſſe hinds? turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy ſword, or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partyſons.

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partiſons, ſtrike, beate them downe,
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his wife.*

Capu. What noyſe is this? giue me my long ſword hoe.

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountague* is come,
And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his wife.*

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foote to ſeeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtayned ſteele,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beaſts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines iſſuing from your veines:
On paine of torture from thoſe bloudie hands,
Throw your miſtempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the ſentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens,
Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,